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*SANCTUARY*  
*BLISS CARMAN*

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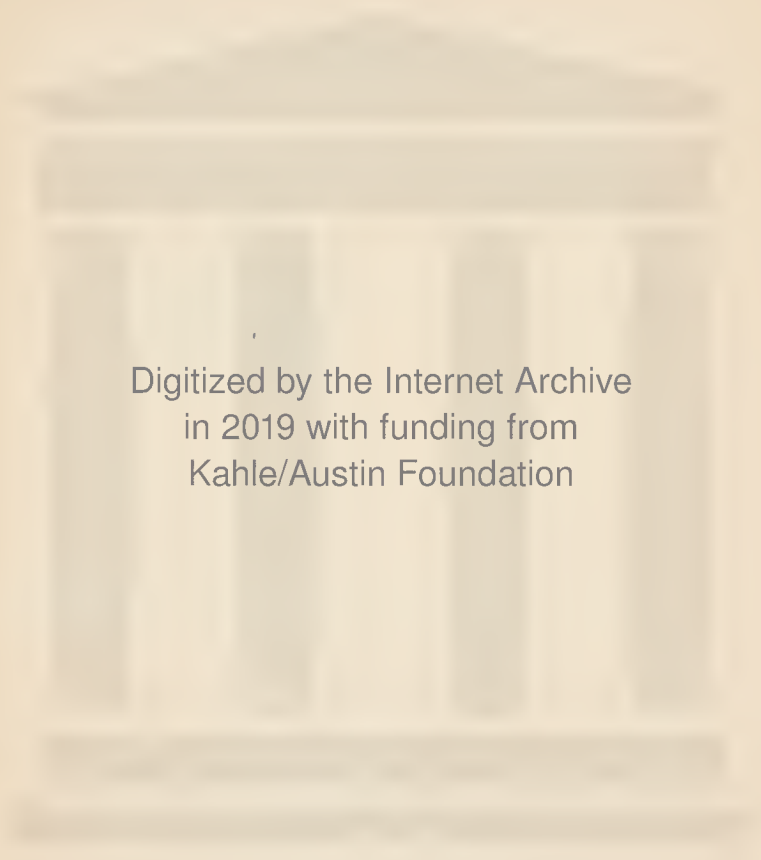
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## SANCTUARY



Sunshine House

# SANCTUARY

SUNSHINE HOUSE SONNETS

*By*

BLISS CARMAN

*Illustrations by*

WHITMAN BAILEY



McCLELLAND & STEWART

TORONTO

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## PREFATORY NOTE

There is an hour in the day when birds fly close to the hedges and are suddenly present in gardens; when flowers are no longer flaunting, and trees are a dim stature; when the noise of insects in the grasses becomes distinct, and men are seen on their homeward way. The mood that belongs to this hour Bliss Carman renders in the unrhymed sonnets of *SANCTUARY*. It is a mood in which living and a dream about life are reconciled. In these last poems of his,—

We linger on entranced by glowing earth,  
The splendor of the blazoned woods all still,  
The pattern of the everlasting hours . . .  
The lone Designer of Indian Summer smiles.

I have known few poets anywhere, and certainly no poet in America, who had so dedicated himself to the service of poetry as Bliss Carman. I do not mean that he went about showing himself as belonging to that service. He did nothing of the kind. He had too much humor and too much interest in daily happenings to show himself as anything else than a compan-

—v—

ionable man. But in the struggle which every visionary must have with the world he had no divided heart; quietly, without any argumentation, he took the side opposite to the world's. "Getting and spending we lay waste our Powers," Wordsworth lamented. Bliss Carman did with the minimum of getting and spending. "Little we see in Nature that is ours," that noble lament goes on. Bliss Carman had earned the right to say these words with less bitterness than most visionaries.

His life had a frugal dignity which was in itself a rare and a fine achievement. The tweeds that he wore had given him long service; they were always carefully pressed and spotless; that wide-brimmed hat he had worn for many seasons. Yet there was always something in his attire that corresponded to the gaiety and color of his mind—a bright neck-tie, a silver chain, a turquoise ornament that some Indian friend had bestowed upon him. He was a tall man. But that exceptional build was contained in a thin integument. He bled easily; he was sensitive over every part of his great frame. However, that irritability that usually goes with the thin skin was no part of his nature. Bliss Carman was above everything else a sweet-natured man. I am sure that no one ever parted from him without thinking, "I hope I shall see dear Bliss Carman again."

He was saved from being a solitary by his friendship

with Dr. Morris Lee King and Mrs. Mary Perry King—a friendship which indeed gave sanctuary to the poet, and unquestionably added to his length of days. His health was precarious when he came to New Canaan twenty-two years ago. But these last ten years, I have heard him say, found him more robust in health than any time since his early youth. Every morning he would leave his rooms in the village and walk to Sunshine House where Dr. and Mrs. King live; there he would spend the day, writing, reading, walking, and dreaming, returning to the village at night. These last poems were written in “the Sun Room” as part of an uncompleted collection, and reflect the house in which he had so much peace and content, and the garden that the wild creatures were not shut out of, and reflect, above all, the companionship that strengthened and inspirited him.

His ever dear native land, Canada, gave him its highest honours in his later years. He was born in New Brunswick—New Brunswick which, as his comrade of the old days, Richard Le Gallienne, in his tribute to Carman, reminded us, “when it belonged to France, went by the more charming name of Acadie, or Acadia, immortalized by Longfellow, and as near to Arcady in its romantic natural features as its name. It is a region of glittering lakes, rivers and bays, rocky ravines and great forests, abounding in wild life, a

paradise of the adventurous canoeist," and it was a treasured memory of the poet's.

But his later poetry belongs to New England, to Connecticut, and particularly to "the little valley of the Silvermine." Here he died suddenly on the morrow of a quiet working-day. Then the first young birds were leaving the nests; it was a day on which those who were close to him could say as they thought upon him, a verse of one of his own poems,—

In patience therefore I await  
My friend's unchanged benign regard—  
Some April when I too shall be  
Spilt water from a broken shard.

PADRAIC COLUM.

New Canaan, September 1929.

## ILLUSTRATIONS

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# SANCTUARY





## THE DREAMER

Whence came the sweet insurgence of the Spring  
That loosed the wild bird songs, the willow buds,  
The twilight chorus in the marsh, and shone  
Within the visionary soul of Man? . . .  
When we behold in August on a day  
The goldenrod upon a thousand trails,  
The asters in blue drifts through clearings wild,  
And every roadside gay with meadow rue—  
The poet's recompense and traveller's joy—  
When, thrilled by beauty passing thought, we sense  
That harmony which is the artist's peace  
And presage of creation, then we know  
One walked with love among the misty hills  
In a gray cloak of rain, and dreamed a dream.

## ESCAPE

Out of the turmoil whither shall I go?  
How cure the fever of a mind distraught,  
The crazed futility of haste assuage,  
And dear serenity's lost poise restore?  
Is there no respite for the racing pulse,  
No haven from the day's demoniac din  
And the relentless frenzy of the night?  
Where may the haunting peace of God be found?  
No cabined luxury contents the soul,  
Homesick for solace of its native air.  
For healing of the wind among the pines,  
The stilling beauty of the clear new moon,  
The strength of hills, the joy of singing streams,  
Take any road at hand, to Out-of-doors.

## NEW MOON

### I

How many a time have we not seen with joy  
The new moon in the West, the longed-for sign  
Glory shall fail not with recurring time.  
Each month in flawless wonder reappears  
That miracle of light and fantasy—  
The faithful lamp the Twilight Sibyl bears,  
Protectress of the fond in heart, who dwells  
Upon the borders of the sacred night.  
In April when the woodlands ring with song  
Or in December's leafless solitude,  
She comes to take away the fret of life  
And with sheer ecstasy set all things free;  
While the adoring soul in stillness waits,  
Love like the frailest windflower revives.

## NEW MOON

### II

Ah, yes! For love is not a graven stone  
Nor sainted image cast in changeless bronze,  
To front the onslaughts of tempestuous time  
And the slow ravages of frost endure.  
It is more like a blossom of the field  
Springing in meadow corners unobserved  
Or from the common roadside in the dust,  
To be the marvel of the passer-by.  
Within the fallow of the heart there falls  
A chance-sown seed of glory on a day;  
Our rapture warms it like the kindly sun,  
Our tears of sorrow nourish it like rain;  
And there, as in our own door-yard, behold  
An immortal flower the Heavenly Gardener tends.





In the soft-tinted loveliness of May

## SORCERY

Under gray skies the mirror of the lake  
Reflects the misty flush of the young leaves.  
From its smooth lip the pastel woodlands rise  
In the soft-tinted loveliness of May  
Over the dark-stemmed brushwood Spring has thrown  
Her impalpable veil of changing green and red,  
Like an elusive sorceress who lays  
Her spell of wonder on a waiting world.  
And all her lovers who had half forgot  
Her beauty must arise and follow her,  
Enthralled as ever by her witchery.  
A breath of wind comes ruffling the smooth lake  
And strews the white plum-blossoms on the grass,  
Stirring old transports, and is still again.

## SPRING, DANCING

Here April wanders from the rainy Sound—  
Ethereal Beauty in her shining veil,  
Like a slow-dancing Sibyl comes with joy.  
Enraptured we behold her mystic form  
Gleam through the silvery showers against the hill,  
And must forever follow on her trace,  
Enchanted as in some old fairy tale  
By the enthralling sorceries of the earth.  
And hark, what music for her pomp is made  
In the awakening meadows, where the stream  
Murmurs at twilight when the moon is large,  
And through the alders in the marshy ground  
Rises the watery treble of the frogs—  
The eerie and haunted Pan-pipes of the Spring.



## A BLUEBIRD IN MARCH

### I

When the sun shines upon the crust of March  
In the bare wood, how blue the shadows lie  
Along the snow between the gray tree-boles!  
And where the muffled stream runs, bluer still  
Between its snowy banks edged with frail ice,  
The silvery oaks and sugar maples stand  
Like a faint tracing on a lacquer tray,  
Or a worn pattern on old Sheffield plate.  
The strong sun melts the snow in open places;  
A calling crow flies over, trailing north  
His silent shadow down the wooded slope;  
And then to bring the winter scene to life,  
Etched on the memory like a haunting smile  
A bluebird flashes to an apple bough.

## A BLUEBIRD IN MARCH

### II

Now great Orion journeys to the West,  
The Lord of Winter from the world withdraws,  
And all his glittering house of cold dissolves.  
Ice-storm and crust and powdery drift are gone,  
And a soft hush of morning fills the world.  
In rocky groves the sugar maples drip,  
Till the sweet sap o'erbrims the shining pails;  
The snow slides from the roofs in the warm sun;  
Along spring-runs the first young green appears;  
The willow saplings in the meadow lot  
Put on their saffron veils with silver sheen  
As if for some approaching festival;  
And hark, from field to field one note proclaims  
The Phantasm of Spring is on the move!

## A BLUEBIRD IN MARCH

### III

It is the gladdening note our fathers heard  
In Puritan New England in old days,  
On Marchy mornings when the wind grew still,  
Telling them winter would not always last.  
How soft it falls, how plaintive yet how sure!  
Clear as a call from heaven, that cheery cry  
Heralds the reawakening of earth,  
And sets the frost-bound urge of life astir.  
Is he not of that blessed company  
To whom Saint Francis carried the new word—  
Of Joyous resurrection and brave life—  
The gospel of Victorious ecstasy?  
In the bright hush he pauses to repeat  
His canticle of transport undismayed.



Between its willow banks the winding stream

## EARLY SPRING

Now the soft rain comes over the blue hill,  
And the red-shouldered blackbird sounds his flute  
Along the meadows of the Silvermine.  
Between its willow banks the winding stream  
Is tinged with violet dusk, as the great moon  
Rises in splendor on the Eastern ridge,  
And through the twilight all the marshy ground  
Rings with the silver chorus of the frogs.  
In rocky groves the shy hepaticas  
Awake to don their softest blue once more,  
And troops of golden adder's-tongue return.  
In cool damp woods Jack-in-the-pulpit stands,  
And the dark trillium for a mystic sign;  
That all the old earth magic is renewed.

## THE FLUTE OF GOLD

Just on the verge of summer, when the air  
Of our warm May is redolent with bloom  
Of honeysuckle and flaunting peonies  
And the white pear tree shedding spicy balm,  
With the first heat there falls a waiting hush,—  
A faint sweet stillness, as if Nature swooned  
At the on-coming of her own desire,  
With sense of things too lovely to be borne.  
For the blue door of Heaven is left ajar,  
And all the dreamful ardor of the spring  
Is spent for rapture in a moment now.  
And where the dogwood spreads its drifts like snow  
Among the greenery of the forest dim,  
The first swamp-robin tries his flute of gold.

## THE WOOD THRUSH

### I

When the May eve is soft with misty rain  
And all the world is hushed as in a trance,  
Save for a white-throat singing far away,  
The woods are tinged with purple in the dusk,  
Where Spring's green fire is smouldering into life.  
It surges to the tree-tops like a tide,  
Touches the peach trees at the garden's end,  
And burns among the tulips in cool flame.  
Ah, then we listen for the magic note  
We know must come with soul enchantment soon—  
Clear as the mythic pipes men used to hear  
In wild Arcadian valleys long ago  
Haunting the woodlands with supernal cry—  
The clear impassioned ecstasy of life.



## THE WOOD THRUSH

### II

Hark, from the twilit wood beyond the road,  
Those leisurely enraptured cadences  
Borne on the dusk deliberate and pure,  
As if the player in long ages past  
Knowing all grief had learned to put it by,  
In a calm melody where no fear is.  
That is our wood-thrush who each year returns  
To be the heart's interpreter of Spring.  
Minstrel of solitude and poet's lore,  
His is the music of unspoken things.  
Hark how the minor tenderness of time,  
Old wistful longings and the storied years,  
Blend in untarnished gladness, melt and sing  
The unembittered rapture of the hour.



## THE WOOD THRUSH

### III

O music maker of the pagan Spring,  
Untrammelled seraph of the wilderness!  
How should he know the truth at beauty's core,  
Or solve the strange enigma of desire?  
For through those wild melodious cadences  
The tender phrase of earthly sorrow blends  
With the pure theme of spirit's certitude  
Grown rapturous above all taking thought,  
In that serene victorious artistry.  
For all the labored questing of our art,  
Who finds the sorcery of Nature's way,  
And how her free born wisdom works its will?  
Before this woodland canticle we bow,  
Knowing perfection . . . immortality!

## JUNE LEISURE

When June revisits the New England shore,  
She takes the road along the Silvermine,  
Where noble trees in every dooryard stand  
And shadowy gardens full of dreamy peace  
Spread all the full-blown peonies to the sun.  
By every orchard wall the air is sweet  
With breath of honeysuckle, and the air  
Filled with the murmur of the industrious bees;  
The river babbles down its dark ravine  
By the old mill; the bobolinks spring up,  
Scattering music as of fairy bells  
From every open field; a few white clouds  
Wander across the unimagined blue;  
And all is well again with earth and heaven.



The river babbles down its dark ravine



## FROM THE DOOR OF HEAVEN

Now the tall tulip trees have lifted up  
Their green-gold chalices against the sun,  
And the white locusts from the door of Heaven  
Spill their honied fragrance on the air.  
Over the open fields the bobolinks  
Toss the gay music of their carillons  
Down to the pasture foot where bob-white calls,  
And through the meadow blows the purple flag.  
By many a wild trail in the wooded hills,  
And many a path along the foaming shore,  
With unforgotten rapture of old years  
And airs that lift the heart on ventures new,  
June is come back to her New England home  
To make of earth a paradise once more.

## WHITE IRIS

### I

The South wind snows the apple blossoms down  
And scatters on the grass the petals white;  
The sky turns azure from its faint spring gray,  
And all the woods put on their summer green;  
Fresh is the air with ecstasy new born;  
And by the garden wall whose old gray stones  
Show purple where the netted sunlight falls,  
White Iris now her oriflame unfurls.  
Beneath that emblem who would not enroll?  
For this is beauty's banner blown afar  
To signal how it fares with Earth's deep heart,  
Breeding her fancies to perfection still  
And bringing them in loveliness to birth,  
According to the ordered thought triune.

## WHITE IRIS

### II

This is the artist's sign that bids him dare—  
The craftsman's symbol of supremacy—  
The trefoil of perfection, showing forth  
How skill and understanding must conspire  
With the Lord of Love to bring heart's wish to pass  
In goodliness, in beauty, and in truth,  
That loving kindness may possess the world,  
And joyous wisdom prosper to the end.  
As when the Word first moved upon the void  
And swung the planets in stupendous poise,  
And there was light—and life—to carry on—  
It moves today to form, inspire, sustain—  
Man and his doings on the brink of time,  
And this frail flower unanxious in the sun.

## THE BATHER

The painted tulips, like a glorious host  
With pennons nodding in the warm south wind,  
Crowd by the garden walks; in the fresh grass  
The dandelions are strewn like louis-d'ors;  
Adoring lilacs blossom by the porch;  
While through the orchard in its clouds of bloom  
The whistling orioles dart like flakes of fire,  
And down beyond the roadside calls a quail.  
In the on-coming haze of summer now  
That floods the earth with languor and pale fire,  
The mellowing woods are like a frail Corot—  
Where dark stems merge with misty red and green  
Reflected in the gray-green of the lake,  
Tranced on the brink a slim young bather stands.





Tranced on the brink a slim young bather stands

## EARLY SUMMER

In early summer now the world anew  
Is fashioned by the south wind and the sun  
And that dark sorcery which no man knows.  
The greening woods, the orchards in full blow,  
The bright marsh-marigolds by pasture streams,  
And hollyhocks along the garden wall—  
The scene is like a gorgeous tapestry  
Hung in some old gray castle by the sea,  
Along whose corridors no footfall sounds,  
And only fragrant winds with ghostly hands  
Its hallowed timeless reveries disturb.  
And so within the summer's pageantry  
Along austere New England's shadowed ways  
Immortal calm of loveliness abides.

## HARVEST

Now when the time of fruit and grain is come,  
When apples hang above the garden wall,  
And from the tangle by the roadside stream  
A scent of wild grapes fills the racy air,  
Comes Autumn with her sun-burnt caravan,  
Like a long gypsy train with trappings gay  
And tattered colors of the Orient,  
Moving slow-footed through the dreamy hills.  
The woods of Wilton, at her coming, wear  
Tints of Bokhara and of Samarcand;  
The maples glow with their Pompeian red,  
The hickories with burnt Etruscan gold;  
And while the crickets fife along her march,  
Behind her banners burns the crimson sun.

## BLUEBIRD IN OCTOBER

When the October woods in Orient dyes  
Are at their peak of splendor, and the bloom  
Of Indian summer lies upon the Hills,  
There is a hushed expectancy, as if  
Some medieval city on a morn,  
Emblazoned with pure gold and scarlet gems,  
Waited entranced a silver trumpet call  
To sound its fanfare for triumphal news.  
And then across the sunburnt valley comes—  
No sudden cry of any victory,  
Nor answering tumult of the charmed scene—  
Only, repeated like a litany  
Of the fond heart, a bluebird's plaintive note,  
Homesick for April, native of the Spring.

## THE MAGIC MAKER

Where the old Danbury Turnpike branches off  
From the Valley Road to cross our meadow stream,  
There is a shallow where the river sings  
Slipping under the bridge where willows lean  
From crumbling banks. There on a spell-bound day,  
Through the blue hazy doorway of the hills  
October with her mystic pomp comes by.  
As children watch a painter at his work  
In awe until they win his slow regard,  
The smile of those who dream and understand,  
We linger on entranced by glowing earth,  
The splendor of the blazoned woods all still,  
The pattern of the everlasting hours. . . .  
The lone Designer of Indian Summer smiles.



## INDIAN SUMMER

Lord of the sunshine and the soul of earth,  
Here in the slow autumnal afternoon  
Drenched in the balm that sweetens the blue grape  
And keeps the cricket chirping in the grass,  
Musing on loveliness there come to us  
Hints of supernal artistry,—we learn  
The folly of impatience and despair.  
Not the sublime sierras in their snows  
Guarding the secrets of the Manitou,  
Nor desert ranges flushed with sunrise gold,  
Silent in wonder, nor the fragrant moors  
Above the summer sea, are lovelier  
Than these haze-haunted Indian-summer lands  
In the wild Valley of the Rippowam.





Up from Broad River to the Wilton hills



## NOVEMBER SUNSET

Up from Broad River to the Wilton hills  
The valley lies in late November now,  
Flooded with purple twilight warm as wine.  
Northward the woods lie far and wide outspread  
In their wild peace, their gray austerity  
Bathed in the ash of autumn's passing glow—  
The mellow consolation of the year  
More mystical than all of summer's pride.  
Upon the western ridge, where the trees stand  
In silhouette against a cold green light,  
The scarlet sun goes down in amethyst,  
His day accomplished and the solemn hour  
Of his departure lit with sacred fires  
That flush the sky with a supernal mauve.

## AUTUMN CLOSING

The show is over, and the leafy tent  
All gold and crimson where the sunlight lingered  
Through the slow afternoon, is coming down.  
The bittersweet is scarlet on the bough  
Reluctant to be gone, though frosts have strewn  
Patrins of glory on the forest trails,  
While tatters of torn splendor go to feed  
The smoky bonfires in the village street.  
What singer pipes the closing autumn hush  
With surest note of cheer in all the wild?  
A dauntless minstrel of the changing year,  
Chickadee of the wilderness! He knows  
What sweetness gathers in the winter's heart,  
What saving oracles the North Wind sings.

## CHRYSANTHEMUMS

They do not come when gorgeous June is here,  
Nor with the pomp of August passing by.  
But when the roadside asters are all gone  
With the last trace of summer from the fields—  
When the last cricket has long since been hushed  
And earth awaits in silence the first frost—  
In white and mauve, dark red and antique gold,  
These true patricians of the garden come.  
When snow is in the air and low gray skies  
Are bleak with coming winter, like a host  
In medieval frescoes many-hued  
With banners and TE DEUMS, they return  
To offer brave Thanksgiving and to grace  
Deserted gardens with their noble praise.



## WILD GEESE

To-night with snow in the November air,  
Over the roof I heard that startling cry  
Passing along the highway of the dark—  
The Wild Geese going South. Confused commands  
As of a column on the march rang out  
Clamorous and sharp against the frosty air.  
And with an answering tumult in my heart  
I too went hurrying out into the night  
Was it from some deep immemorial past  
I learned those summoning signals and alarms,  
And still must answer to my brothers' call?  
I knew the darkling hope that bade them rise  
From Northern lakes, and with courageous hearts  
Adventure forth on their uncharted quest.

## THE WINTER SCENE

### I

The rutted roads are all like iron; skies  
Are keen and brilliant; only the oak-leaves cling  
In the bare woods, or the hardy bitter-sweet;  
Drivers have put their sheepskin jackets on;  
And all the ponds are sealed with sheeted ice  
That rings with stroke of skate and hockey-stick,  
Or in the twilight cracks with running whoop.  
Bring in the logs of oak and hickory,  
And make an ample blaze on the wide hearth.  
Now is the time, with winter o'er the world,  
For books and friends and yellow candle-light,  
And timeless lingering by the settling fire.  
While all the shuddering stars are keen with cold.

## THE WINTER SCENE

### II

Out from the silent portal of the hours,  
When frosts are come and all the hosts put on  
Their burnished gear to march across the night  
And o'er a darkened earth in splendor shine,  
Slowly above the world Orion wheels  
His glittering square, while on the shadowy hill  
And throbbing like a sea-light through the dusk,  
Great Sirius rises in his flashing blue.  
Lord of the winter night, august and pure,  
Returning year on year untouched by time,  
To hearten faith with thine unfaltering fire,  
There are no hurts that beauty cannot ease,  
No ills that love cannot at last repair,  
In the victorious progress of the soul.

## THE WINTER SCENE

### III

Russet and white and gray is the oak wood  
In the great snow. Still from the North it comes,  
Whispering, settling, sifting through the trees,  
O'erloading branch and twig. The road is lost.  
Clearing and meadow, stream and ice-bound pond  
Are made once more a trackless wilderness  
In the white hush where not a creature stirs;  
And the pale sun is blotted from the sky.  
In that strange twilight the lone traveller halts  
To listen to the stealthy snowflakes fall.  
And then far off toward the Stamford shore,  
Where through the storm the coastwise liners go,  
Faint and recurrent on the muffled air,  
A foghorn booming through the smother—hark!



## THE WINTER SCENE

### IV

When the day changed and the mad wind died down,  
The powdery drifts that all day long had blown  
Across the meadows and the open fields,  
Or whirled like diamond dust in the bright sun,  
Settled to rest, and for a tranquil hour  
The lengthening bluish shadows on the snow  
Stole down the orchard slope, and a rose light  
Flooded the earth with beauty and with peace.  
Then in the west behind the cedars black  
The sinking sun stained red the winter dusk  
With sullen flare upon the snowy ridge,—  
As in a masterpiece by Hokusai,  
Where on a background gray, with flaming breath  
A scarlet dragon dies in dusky gold.

## SANCTUARY

When winter comes, along the Silvermine,  
And earth has put away her green attire,  
With all the pomp of her autumnal pride,  
The world is made a sanctuary old,  
Where Gothic trees uphold the arch of gray,  
And gaunt stone fences on the ridge's crest  
Stand like carved screens before a crimson shrine,  
Showing the sunset glory through the chinks.  
There, like a nun with frosty breath, the soul,  
Uplift in adoration, sees the world  
Transfigured as a temple of her Lord;  
While down the soft blue-shadowed aisles of snow  
Night, like a sacristan with silent step,  
Passes to light the tapers of the stars.



When winter comes along the Silvermine

## STAR!

Look out, dear heart, above the twilight wood!  
There in the blue-gray of the winter dusk,  
Above the dark-lined tree-tops still with cold,  
The evening star in limpid glory hangs,—  
In everlasting beauty as it hung  
Above the walls of Ninevah and Tyre,  
And where the Lesbian oleanders flowered,  
The lover's star of prophesy and peace.  
Ah, yes, unsullied and immortal still,  
It shines for you and me, and will shine on  
When we have left this lovely country side,  
Forever lighting up the dream of man,—  
The star of friendship and felicity,  
A lamp within the entry of the night.

## THE YULE TREE

Now on the night when Christ was born, bring in  
The evergreen and heavenward pointing fir,  
By Winfrid blessed a thousand years ago  
To be the emblem of eternal life  
And fragrant hardihood through all its days.  
Well has it served to keep the forest cheer,  
To shelter the wild creatures from the snow,  
For sill and rafter and quick kindling fire.  
Ever aspiring and unbowed it grows,  
Saving the good committed to its care,  
And to its holy fruitage comes at last,—  
Bearing upon its boughs the gifts of love,  
Immortal memories and glad surprise,  
Making the children's eyes to shine like stars.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE

The air is pulsing as with crowding wings.  
Migrant Ideals and valiant-hearted Dreams,  
The Heavenly vanguard of eternity,  
Mustering to cross the frontier of new days.  
A brave unhasting company, they throng  
Out of old years with life's immortal zest,—  
In gleaming panoply of seraphim  
Advance these dauntless heralds of all good.  
'Tis midnight hour. The clanging bells break forth.  
The march of man has crossed the boundary  
Into another year. Close up the ranks!  
Our ancients bid, fare on! New Year, Salute!  
The promise of the past is on your knees.  
The glory of all time is unto God.

## THE SUN ROOM

From snow-bound paths and shortened afternoons  
One step to summer warmth's beatitude,  
The desert's balm, the Orient's opulence!  
A buckskin wall, a poppy-golden floor,  
Tables and benches bold in lacquer red,  
A Zuni blanket, Indian pottery,  
And gorgeous chintz gay with great fabulous birds,—  
All glowing life. Outside as day burns low,  
Within his rocky hollow the gray brook  
Makes iridescent frost-work where it runs  
Through the blue snow; while o'er the purpling ridge  
Where black woods stand against a pale jade sky,  
Between two oaks a Mandarin-orange sun  
Hangs like a Chinese gong immense and still.

## BUDDHA

### I

In Burmese alabaster white and smooth,  
Two thousand years ago the workman cut,  
And pricked with gold, fine scarlet and dull blue,  
This seated image of the Lord of Life.  
The face still wears its infinite regard;  
The mouth still curves with its ineffable smile;  
The hand lies open in the folded lap;  
And still the generations do not know.  
Here for remembrance reverently we place,  
With thoughts made gentler by his gentleness,  
The yellow daffodils in early spring;  
The blue flag from the meadows in high June;  
And the red lilies of the August moors;  
Praying for love, for wisdom and for peace.



## BUDDHA

### II

Immortal brother of the tranquil soul,  
On the first day when winter is gone by  
And the soft twilight has a tender hue,  
In sign of love we bring the yellow flowers,—  
These chalices of sunlight cooled in earth,—  
As symbols of the never-wearying life  
Which takes new form yet keeps its fervor pure,  
And out of darkness into light returns.  
Where may the seed of love within the heart  
Prosper and grow and fill all time with joy,  
As the green blade comes up through garden mould,  
Breaking to bud and blossoming in the sun,  
Till all the world is a victorious host  
With golden banners floating on the breeze?

## BUDDHA

### III

And now, in summer when the arch of sky  
Bends o'er us its far illimitable blue,  
To meet the azure of the ocean floor  
Upon the threshold of infinity,  
By many a far-run stream in alien ground,  
And where our garden takes the warming sun,  
Blows the blue meadow-flag, to carpet earth  
With tints of sky and shadows of the sea.  
As in our minds from seeds of knowledge bloom  
The flowers of wisdom, colored with the light  
Of dreams and shadowings of eager life,  
For Buddha in her season Iris blooms,—  
A symbol of creation's loveliness  
In her pure color of eternal truth.

## A FANTASY

Against the South Room wall of Sunshine House  
There hangs a Japanese embroidery.  
Upon a background of bright whorls of gold  
Long drooping lines of blue wistaria sway,  
While from the pond below white cranes upwing  
Trailing their slim black legs in heavy flight,  
Or turn with sleek necks and red eyes to peer  
In the pale reedy shallows where they wade.  
And there, when all the paths were locked in snow,  
On many a summer journey I have gone  
Through that fantastic land of golden art,  
Where flowers fade not, the sun never dies,  
And prisoned Sense may rove away from time,  
A happy wanderer through Heart's Desire.



## FIVE MILE RIVER

Deep in New England's heart there is a dell  
Where Five Mile River sings the whole year through.  
In May the ivory dogwood blossoms there  
And the blue flag, while with the evening star  
Through green twilight it hears the angelic thrush.  
On summer eves it serenades the moon  
While fireflies swing their lanterns from its banks.  
And there the October woods outspread a maze  
Of rose and russet and Etruscan gold,  
More precious than the Vale of Avalon  
Or any road to storied Camelot.  
A-tinkle with thin ice on frosty morns  
Our happy river still is chiming low  
The woodland music of enchanted hours.

## CONCLUSION

Heaven is no larger than Connecticut;  
No larger than Fairfield County; no, no larger  
Than the little valley of the Silvermine  
The white sun visits and the wandering showers.  
For there is room enough for spring's return,  
For lilac evenings and the rising moon,  
And time enough for autumn's idle days,  
When soul is ripe for immortality.  
And there when winter comes with smouldering dusk  
To kindle rosy flames upon the hearth,  
And hang his starry belt upon the night,  
One firelit room is large enough for heaven,  
For all we know of wisdom and of love,  
And the eternal welfare of the heart.



When winter comes with smouldering dusk







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